BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER IV.

STALLED OR AND A DINNER OF MERBS.

But on this particular evening, as it hap pened, Vin Harris had promised to dine at home, for his aunt was returning to Brighton on the following day, and there was to be a little farewell banquet given in her honor. Of course aunt and nephew sat together: Mrs. Ellison had arranged that; knowing that at these semi-political dinner parties the company was frequently a trifle mixed, she took eare that on one side at least she should have a pleasant neighbor. And, indeed, when the guests had taken their places-there were about thirty in all—the table presented a pretty sight. From end to end it was a mass of flowers: at intervals there were pyramids of ice. raped with roses, blush-red and yellow, but the candles in the tall candelabra were not lit -the softly tinted globes of the electric light shed a sufficient and diffused lastro. It was a sumptuous entertainment, and yet there prevailed an air of elegance and refinement. When soup was served, it was not the aldermanic turtle, but a clear golden fluid with gems of crimson and green, and it was handed round in silver dishes. No one thought of a thick soup on this hot June night.

As soon as the hum of conversation became general, the tall and handsome young widow turned to her companion-who was only a year or two her junior, by the way-and with her demure and mischievous eyes grown full of

meaning, she said:
"Vin, what has happened to you to-day?" What do you mean, aunt?" he answered.

Something has happened to you to-day." she went on, confidently. "You can't hoodwink me. Why have you been so radiant, so complaisant, this afternoon-why are you here. for example—when you haven't shown up at this dinner table for weeks past?" ' And you going away to-morrow, aunt!" he

exclaimed. No use. Vin. All of a sudden you want to be magnanimous to the whole human race; your amiabili y becomes almost burdensome: your eyes are full of pride and joy; and you think you can hide the transformation from me! Well then I will tell you a nee you won't tell me: to-day you were introduced to her.

aunt, by some chance, witnessed that interview in Hyde Park? Mrs. Ellison's shrewd, quick eyes noticed his alarm and laughed.

"The story is as clear as noonday," she con-tinued, in the same undertone. "You come home every night between 9 and 10. Why? Because she is an actress, playing the first piece only; and, of course, the theatre loses its attraction for you the moment she has left. Now, my dear Vin. that is not the kind of thing for you at all! You'd better stop it-even although you have experienced the wild joy of being introduced to her. What do you know about her? You have been investing her with all the charming qualities of her stage heroines; you haven't learned yet that she is a little slatternly in her dress, that her tastes in eating and drinking are rather coarse, that her tastes in literature and art aren't any-worse still, that she is already provided with a husband, a lounger about Strand public houses, only too ready to accept your patronage and the price of a glass of gin-

He was immensely relieved. F"Oh, you're all wrong, aunt!" he said, cheerfully. "I haven't been inside a theatre for

"You haven't?" she said, glancing at him with a kind of amused suspicion. "You are really playing the good boy with parliamentary reports and blue books? A very admirable diligence. Other young men would be strolling in the park in this hot weather." And then all of a sudden she asked: "What sub-ject were you studying to-day, Vin?" Thompson's Distribution of Wealth." he

made answer with equal promptitude. 'Oh. What does he say?" You don't want to know, aunt!"

"Yes, I do; I'm used to hearing all sorts of theories at this table-though I seldom see them put in practice,"

Well, he on his side was glad enough to get away from that other and dangerous topic; and whether or not he believed in her innocent desire for knowledge, he began to discourse on the possibility of universal human happiness being reached by a voluntary equality in the distribution of the products of labor.
"Vocuntary, do you see, sunt?-that is the

very essence of the scheme." he rambled on, while she appeared to be listening gravely. Thompson will have nothing to do with force ; he himself points out that if you once bring in force to redress the inequalities of wealth. you leave it open for every succeeding ma orfty to employ the same means, so that indusfire would be annihilated -the capitalists would not lend, the workers would not work. No. it is all to be done by mutual consent. These who what they have amassed is but a trifle compared with what the millions can produce: and it is this product of universal cooperation that is to constitute the real wealth of the world. Well, I suppose it is only a dream," he proceeded, "On the other hand, take my father's way of looking at it. He is all for State interference; the State is to ap ropriate everything and manage everytuing; and to keep on managing it. I suppose, or else things would revert to their former condition. That's where the trouble comes in. of course. The moment you allow anything like free lom of contract, how can you prevent the former condition of affairs coming into existance against You know after all nunt and social arrangements of any country; they don't spring out of nothing; they grow, and their growth is a necessity -- "

Vincent Harris," said the young widow, solemply. "I perceive the seeds of a rabid Toryism beginning to sprout in your young mind. Wouldn't your father say that the reason for the monstrous condition of affairs now existing -I don't consider them monstrous; not I: I'm pretty well content, thank you-but wouldn't he say the reason was simply the ignorance of the people who produce and the unserupulous gread of the other people who take the lion's share of the profits? Of course he would; and so he wants to educate the producer; and protect him by the State; and see that he isn't swindled. Go to: thou art Didymus, and an unbeliever: I suspect Lord Musselburgh has been corrupting you Tell me," she said irrelevantly, " who is the woman with the black curls-I did not catch her name when she was

STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON! really the past, when once the soul has entered Bak."

the pretty Mrs. Elitson said, severely, "Oh. I assure you, aunt," he said, with eyes innocent of guile. "It is the great discovery of the age—the great discovery of all time—the Sacred—the Inestable. When you enter into Bo you lose your individuality-orrather, you never had any individuality-for individuality was a confusion of thought, a product of the present, and the present, as I have explained o you, my dear aunt, ceases to exist when you have entered Bo. Did I tell you that Bo is sentlent? Yes, but yet not a being; though there are manifestations, mysterious and ecstatic; and the disciples write to each other on the first day of each month, and tell each other what trances they have been in, and what spiritual joy they have received. These reports are sent to Mme. Mikucsek, and they published in a journal that circulates

among the initiated, but the phraseclogy is hieratic, the outside world could make nothing of it. As for her, she is not expected to reveal anything-what she experiences transcends human speech, and even human thought-"I saw the woman mopping up gravy with a plece of bread," said Mrs. Ellison, with frown-

ing eyebrows.

Bo," continued this young man, very seriously, "as for as I have been able to make it out, consists of a vast sphere; elliptical, however; the zenith containing all human aspiration, the base consisting of forgotten evil. When you once enter this magic circle you are lost, you are transformed, you are here and yet not here; to be does not signify to be, but not to be, and not to be is the highest good except not to have been. Ro, when once you have received the consecration, and batted in the light, and perceived the aititudes and the essential deeps and cognizances-"

"Ought to be written Bosh," said she, briefly, i will not hear any more of that nonsense. And I believe you are only humbugging me; Mme. What's-her-name looks more like the widow of a French Communist. Now listen to me. Vin. for I am going away to-morrow. I am giad I was mistaken about the actress; but take care; don't get into scrapes. I shan't be should not marry until he is thirty or five-andthirty-if he is five-and-forty so much the better-but even at five-and-thirty he may have acquired a little judgment; he may be able to tell how much honesty there is in the extreme amiability and unselfishness and simplicity that a roung woman can assume, or whether she is likely to turn out an ill-conditioned. cross-grained, and sulking brate. Oh, you needn't laugh-it's no laughing mat-He was startled-and no wonder. Had his ter. as you'll find out, my young friend. But you-you are different-you are no schoolboy-rou've seen the world-too much of it for you've learnt disrespect for your elders and try to bamboozie them with accounts of sham systems of philosophy or religion or whatever it is. I say you ought to marry young; but not an elderly woman, as many a young man does for money or posttion. Good gracious no! You'll have plenty of money; your failer isn't just yet going to sell this silver dinner service—which I detest, for it always looks more greasy than china. and besides you feel as if you were scoring it with the edge of your knife all the time -I say he isn't going to sell his silver and distribute unto the poor nest uet. As for position, you've got to make that for yourself would you owe it to your wife? Verr well." proceeded his pretty monitrees, in easy and prattling lashion; "come down to Brighton for a week or two. I will ask the Drexel girls; you will have them all to your-self, to pick and choose from, but Louis is my favorite. You have no idea how delightful Brighton is in June—the inland drives are perfeet, so cool and shaded with trees, when you know where to go, that is, she is the only American cirl I know who has the courage to be an American girl; the rest of them seem to out-English the English girl in their manner. and then, of course, it becomes self-conscious and an affectation. If you come down, I'll make up a party and take you all to Ascot; Mrs. Bourke has offered me her house for the week-isn't that good-natured, when she could easily have let it?-and I have to telegraph yes or no to-morrow. I hadn't intended going my-

self; but if you say you will come down, I will accept; and I know I can get the Drexel girls."
"It is so kind of you, aunt, so very kind." he said, but I really can't get away. You know I

don't care much about racing-

"But Louis Drexel isn't racing."
"I am very sorry but you must excuse me.

"Oh-distribution of wealth-supply and demand-sugar bountles and blue books-is that it? Well, well, what the young men of the

She could say no more, for at this moment her neighbor, an elderly and learned gentleman from 12. ord, addressed her. He had not hitherto uttered a wird, having paid side attention the neighbor. biffierto uttered a writ, having point a live at tention to every dish and every wine tailed the was a lean and famished-booking person; but now he remarked that the evenings were not for the middle of June. He spoke of the danger of having recourse to iced fluids. Then he went on to compare the bathling of the Greeks and Lomans with the ablutions of the English.

homens with the ablutions of the finglish, until he was offered strawberries, whereupon, having helped himself largely, he fell into a business-like slience again.

When at length the ladies had gone upstairs. Lord Musselburgh came and took the sent has veasted by Mrs. Ellison.

"I have a commission from your father. Vin," said to "I am to persuade you of the sweet reasonableness of his project that you should for a time become the private secretary of Mr. Ogden."

sweet reasonableness of his project that you second for a time become the private secretary of Mr. Ogden."

The release secretary of a man who hasn't an l." release that to do with it? the young mobleman said coolly. No, arter all, there is something in what your father says. He believes that the next great political and social movement will be the emancipation of the wave earner—the securing to the producer his fair share of the producer his fair share will be year there if you are willing to take up this work, how could you begin better than by becoming private secretary to Josiah Ogden. There you would come into direct touch with the masses, you would get to know at first hard what they were thinking of, what they were boding for; showned by you could speak with authority. Then there's another thing, vin. If you want to be come a figure in public life in England, if you want to build a splendful monument for yourself, you should be rin at the base. Capture the multitude, be as red-hot a findical as they can desire, and they wont mind what you do alterward. You may accent office; you may be petted by Yovainy; but they will rather like it they will look on it as never yourself, you should be rin at the Menagerie of the will be a how the work in the produce of the producer of the producer of th of Mr. Ogden."

The private secretary of a man who hasn't

Vin. I believe you are making a fool of me."

he had brought from a friend of mine in New York—a brother Foot. Then he called, and told me something further about a book he is going to bring out; and I gave him some little assistance—I don't think he is above accepting a few sovereigns from any one to help him on his way through the world."

Vin Harris flushed hotly, and he raised his head and tooked his frient straight in the face as he but the next question.

"But—but he is a gentleman!—his name—his family—even his bearing—"
"Oh, ree, yes. I suppose so." Lord Musselburgh said, lightly. "Poor old fellow, I was glad to lend him a helping hand. I think his enthusiasm, his particulum, was genuine; and it is a thing you don't often meet with now."

"Yes—but—but—"Vin Harris said, with a good deal of embarrassment, and yet with aome touch of half-indignant remonstrance." the money you gave him—that was to aid him in bringing out the book, wasn't it?"

"Certainly, certainly!" the other said—he did not happen to notice the expression on his friend's face. "Something about Scotland—Scoth poetry—I think when he wrote he said something about a dedication, but that is an honor and glory I hardly covet."

"In any case," observed the young man, "you have no right to say he would accept money from—from any one—from a stranger."

Then Lord Musselburgh did look up—struck by something in his companion's tone.

"Did i say that? I'm sure I don't know. Of course it was on account of the book that I ventured to give him some little help—O, yes, certainly—I should not have ventured otherwise. If he had been offended, I dare say he would have said so; but I lancy the old gentleman has had to overcome his pride before now. He seems to have led a curious, wandering life. By the way, Vin, werom' you very much impressed by the young lady—I remember your saying something—

Fortunately there was no need for Vincent to answer this question: for now there began a general movement on the part of the remaining guests to go up stairs to the drawing room; and in this little bit of a bustle

when, at the end of the evening, all the people had gone away, and when Mr. Harris had shut himself up in his study to fluish his correspondence—for he was going down the next morning to a Congress of Coperative Societies at loswich—Mrs. Ellison and her nephew found themselves alone in the drawing room; and the fair young widow must needs return to the auticet she had been discoursing upon at dinner—namely, that this young man, in order to guard against pifalls and embrollments, should get married forthwith.

"You seem anxious that I should marry," said he bluntly: "why don't you get married yourself?"
"Oh, no, thank rou!" she realied, with

"You seem anxious that I should marry," said he, bluntly: "why don't you get married yoursoif?"

"Oh, no, thank rou!" she replied, with prompittude. "I know when I have had—" Apparently she was on the point of saying that she knew when she had had enough; but that would not have been compilimentary to the memory of the deceased, so she abruptly broke off—and then resumed. "It isn't necessary for me to make any further experiments in life, but for you, with such a splendid future before you it is a necessity. As for me I mean to let well alone. And it is well—very well. I do believe, Vin. that I am the only woman on this earth—"

"What? he said.

"Who is really contented. I am too happy. Sometimes I'm arrall; it seems as if I had no right to it. Why, when I come down stairs in the morning, and draw an easy chair to the open windows, especially when there is a broeze counting off the sea, and the sun blinds are out, and the balcony nicely shaled, you know—I mean at home, in Brun-wick terrace—well, when I take up the newspaper and begin to read about what's going on—as if it was all some kind of a distant thing—I leol so satisfied with the quiet and the coolness and the sea air that I am bound to do a liste kindness to somebody, and so I turn to the columns where appeals are made for charity. I don't care what it is, I'm so well content that I must give something to somebody—distressed Irish widows, sailors libraries, days in the country, anothing. I daressay I sometimes give money where I shouldn't but how am I to "know.' And at any rate it pleases me."

"But why shouldn't you be happy, aunt?" said the young man. "You are so good-humored, and so kind, and so nice to look at, besides, that it is no would you are such a lavorite with men especially."

"But why shouldn't you be happy, aunt?" said the young man. "You are so good-humored, and so kind, and so nice to look at, besides, that it is no would you are such a lavorite with men especially."

"But why shouldn't you be happy, aunt?" said the years and to feel th

them the chance of showing himself an ungrateful brite. When I came down stairs at
Brighton, I like to see only one cup on the
breakfast table, and to feel that I have the
whole room to myself. Selfish then you can
make amends by sending something to the
Children's Hospital or the People's Palace or
something of that kind."
"Do you know, aunt." he observed, gravely,
"what Mr. Ogden says of you? He says that,
having rabbed Peter, you try to save your conscience by throwing a crust to Paul."
"When did I rob Peter?" what Peter?" she
said, indignantity.

science by throwing a crust to Paul."

"When did I rob Feter?—what Feter?" she said, indignantive

"You are a capitalist—you have more than your own share—you possess what you do not work for—therefore you are a robber and a plunderer. I am sorry for you, aunt; but Mr. Ogden has pronounced your doom—"Air. You were talking of the proper distribution of wealth. Well, when you come to marry, and if I approve of the girl. I mean to distribute a little of my plunder—of my ill-getten gains—in that direction; she shan't come empty-handed. That is, if I approve of her, you understand. And the best thing you could do would be to niter your mind and come-lowed to brighton for a week or two; and I'll send for the Drexei girls and perhaps one or two more. It you can't just at present you may later on. i can't just at present you may later on, with going off to my room; and I will say oddly a well as good night; for I don't supelify as well as good night; for I don't supelify a well as good night; for I don't supelify a well as good night; and that as he held her hand for a second; and that

cook night, then, and good by "unit" said he, as he held her hand for a second; and that was the last that he saw of her for some compared to the second that the saw of her for some compared to the second that the saw of her for some compared to the source of the source of this forms mails notition and circumstances. In his interests, and amoif one and deriand—that so many have entered sical hills and aimost toaring—that so many remember, and percases would fain forget. Do any remain in that mystic and rose-hued read in the forms of mails in that mystic and rose-hued read in the forms of mails in that mystic and rose-hued read in the forms of mails in that mystic and rose-hued read in the forms of mails are not easily ilscowrable, are not discoverable at all, indeed, excent by the torches of imagination and abolition of soil.

When he went up to his chambers the next morning he was surprised to find a cord lying the second of the second in inned points a and labor mole-like there to no amparant end; finally, a promise that it is would only marry the young lady of Mrs. Edison's choice—presumably one of her Ameasann friends—his bride should have some additional doors to recommend her. What were all those distant schemes, and even the brilliant future that everybody seemed to prophery for him, to the bewildering possibilities that were almost within his reach? He went to the window. The pote of musk, and lobelia, and ox-eve daisies, in the little bale my over there, and also the Virginia creeper intertwisting its sprays through the iron bars, seemed fresh; no doubt she had sprinked them with water before leaving with ber grandiather. And had they gone to Hyde Fark to usual? He was sorely tempted to go in search; but something told him this might provoke suspicions; so he resolutely hauded in a chair to the table and set to work with his booke and anneations though sometimes there came before his eyes a naturous vision, as of a sheet of eliver-gray water and a shimmeling of dims.

In the affernoon he went out and bought a clothes brush, a couple of hair brushes, some seented soap, and other toilet requisites—of which he had not hitherto known the need in these chambers; and about 5 o'clock or a little thereafter, having carefully removed the last speck from his contisience, he crossed the way, and rather timitly knocked at the door. It was opened by the landiarly's daughter, who appeared at once surprised and pleased on finding who this visitor was.

Is Mr. Bethune at home? he demanded—with some voguely une mortable ice ing that this dansel's eves looked too friendly. She seemed to understand everything—to have been expecting him.

"Ot yes strift."

"May I go up stairs?"

Tou see." said he. "I don't care to inconvenience our records at home by my uncertain hours; and so of late I have taken to dining at a restaurant, just when I telt inclined; and I have got to know something of the different place. I think we might go out for a little stroll, as the evening will be cooler now, and wander on until we see a quiet and song locking corner. There is something in freedom of choice; and you may catch sight of a bay window, or of a recess with flowers in it, and a bit of a fountain, that tentis the eye."

What do you say, Maisrie?" the old gentleman inquired.

"You go, grandfather," the girl replied at once, but without raising her head. "It will be a pleasant chappefor you. I would rather remain at home." You see." said he. "I don't care to incon-

h, but I should never have proposed such

main at home."

"Oh, but I should never have proposed such a thing." Viscent Interposed, hastily, "if it meant finat Miss Bothune was to be left here alone, certainly not! I I decline to be a party to any such arrangement—oh, I could not think of such a thing."

"You'd better come. Maisrio," said the old man, with some air of authority.

"Very well, grandfather," she said, obediently; and straight way she left the room.

Master Vin's heart beat high; here were wonders upon wonders; in a short space he would be walking along the pavenents of london town with Maisrie Bethune by his side of practically so, and thereafter he and she would be seated at the same table, almost within fouch of each other. Would the wide world get to hear of this marvellous thing? Would the men and women whom they encountered in Oxford street observe and conjectore, and perhaps pass on with some faint vision of that beautiful and pensive face imprinted on their memory? By what mage freak of fortune had he come to be so favored. Those people in Oxford street were all strangers to her, and would be mainted to the sacred privacles of her companionship and society; but a tew minutes more, and he would be instructing himself in her little ways and preferences, each one a happy socret to be kept wholly to himself. But the enwould be instructing himself in her lit ways and preferences each one a happy cret to be kept wholly to himself. But the e tranced young man was hardly prepared what now followed. When the door open again and Maisrie Bethune reappeared it cosswers averied from him and there was self-consectors thinge of color in her pale a thoughtful face she seemed to have undergone such as the seemed to have undergone such as the

the have known!

-for in her wrins

Ran blood as pure and coo. as summer rains.

cigarettes had arrived. "are useful things-neeful things; an affair of the moment, truly; but the wise man makes of the passing mo-ment as much as he possibly can. Why, the real curse of modern life—the ineradicable disease—is the habit of continually looking be-fore and after. We none of us think enough of the present memont; we are anxiously spec-ulating as to the future; or, what is worse still, fretting over the memory of past inviries and past mistakes. That is where the unedu-cated, the unimaginative, have their consolastill fretting over the memory of past in uries and past misrakes. That is where the uneducated the unimaginative have their consolation; we are not half so happy and content as the stolid ploughman or the phlegmanic brick-layer who thinks only of the present heat, or the present cold, or, at furthest, of the next plut of beer, and the prospect of getting to bed, with the knowledge that he will sleep sound. The actual and immediate things before them are the things that increase them; not the unknown future, or the useless past. But I have schooled myself, thanks in a great measure to Horace—and my grand-daughter knows her liouace, too—and I think I keep as stouf a heart as most. Dam logmany, of course, Juperal world with the content while I know that the night presses down upon me, and the shadowy fathers, and the empty halls to I juttle knowledge away from me; I am more than content with the present moment: I am more than content with the present moment: I am more than content with the present moment: I am more than content with the present moment: I am more than content with the present moment: I am more than content with the present moment:

know that the night presses down upon me, and the shadowy fathers, and the empty halls of Pluto. I put the knowlenge away from me: I am more than content, for example, with this very excellent cigarette—"

"Would you allow me to send you a few boxes." Interposed Vincent, at once and engarly. I think the cork mouthulece is a great improvement, I know where they are to be got. May I send you some."

"I thank you; but they are not much in my way," the old man said, with a certain loitiness of demeanor. "As I was remarking, the time has gone by for unavailing regrets over what has been done to me and mine. I think I may say that throughout we have shown a bold front. "Stand fast, Craip-Rogston!" has not been our watchword for nothing. And as for the future—why, to the gods belongs to morther owly. The anticipation of evil will not remove it; the recalling of bygone injuries provides no compensation. The present moment is our afm; the neist we never saw," and so, as we have had a ploasant evening so far, I think we may as well get away home again; nod. Maisrie, you will net our your yoldin, and we'll have some Sectch songs, and my young friend and I will aste just a drop of Sectch whiskey; and if there's any ketter combination than that in the world, I do not know of it."

But here a very awkward incident occurred. Old George Bethung, in his grand manner, called to the waiter to bring the bill. Now, Vincent had intended to steniout and arrange this little matter without allowing the young lady to have any cognizance of it; but, of course, the waiter, when summoned, came up to the table and proceeded to pencil out the account. "I think, sir," put in the young man, modestly, you'd better ict me have that. It was my proposal, you know."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Bethune, carelessly, and as carelessly he handed over the slip of paper he had just taken from the walter.

But the quick look of pain and humiliation that swept over the girls face stabbed the young man to the heart.

"Guandfather," she said, with a burning f

there was something in her manner that com-pelled him to accede without a word of protest

there was something in her manner that compelled him to accede without a word of protest. She pushed her purse and the slip of paper across the table to her grandiather; and then she arose and turned to seek her sunshade, which vincent forthwith brought to her. The curious mingling of simplicity and dignity with which she had interposed impressed him strangely; perhaps she was not so much of a schoolgirl as she had seemed when he first saw her waking through liftle Park? Then the three of them left the restaurant togother, and quietly made their way home through the gathering twilight.

But he would not go in when they arrived at their door though the dod man again put Scotch music and Scotch whiskey before him as an inducement. Perhaps he dreaded to outsay his welcome. He bade them both good night; and Maisrie licthume, as she parted from him, was so kind as to say. Thank you so much!" with the hriefest glance of her eloquent eyes.

He went across to his own roome merely for form's sake. He did not light the gas when he got up stairs. He carefully shut the window; it was "brine; down to the plane, and very gently and unionly he planed a graceful little air, it was "brine; down to the plane, and they of and it was a kind of farewell message for the night; but he had nade sure that she should not hear. It was "Increet dormet ma here" and it was a kind of farewell message for the night: but he had made sure that she should not hear.

HOT WEATHER IN THE WEST. Its Peculiarities Graphically Bescribed b

From the Boston Transcript No one who has not been through such a heated season as they have had in the West can quite understand what it means. Happily, we have no such desert heats here. They do not have them in the Southern States-at any rate, not in the eastern Southern States only in the West and Southwest that those

torrid simoons of temperature come. Over a dry land, itself heated to a high tem hotter desert land. Hour after hour, day after day, that steady, scorching wind comes down from the parched Western plains. It seems to strike the face in stinging particles as if it were a hot blizzard. The sun devours one from above, the air blies hotiv as it passes, and the ground sends up reflected rays of heat that again to make the first light of the sun of the state of the sun above, the air bites holy as it passes, and the ground sends up reflected rays of heat that seem to pred one's flesh as if they were pitch-forks in the hands of those little imps of an overheated juture. There is no rolled from it; the sam sets in a sea of molten copper every night; it rises from a like reservoir of heat in the morning and rides on through unclouded caloric educations and rides on through unclouded caloric educations and it; it seems as if it were coming down to eat you up. You stanger along through the street, with a wet cloth in your hat shivering with heat. Yes, gentle reader, shivering with heat. Yes, gentle reader, shivering with heat. Yes, gentle reader, shivering with heat. If you never heard of such a thing before. But if you were on a great Western plain in one of these heated she is; you would soon learn just what it means to have a sensation of tremor, accumpanied by a sudden development of goose fless, creep along your skin under this borriold access of furious heat. When it comes you wonder whether you are actually beginning to parboil—and you stagger on.

The nights are, if anything, worse than the days. You fear to court sleep totally uncovered, and drag the sheet listlessity over your sprawling form. Too much! It is impossible to endure it. You worry yourself late a kind of levorish sleep, and wake up again perspiring heaviry. You get up and look out of the window. The large stars look cool enough and have an air of meeking you. The hut wind soughs steadily along from the same scalding southwestern quarter. It will not let anything cool off, even under the cool stars. Possibly the mere look of these, however, refreshes you a little, and you steal back to both

southwestern quarter. It will not let anything cool off, even under the cool etars. Possibly the mere look of these, however, refreshes you a little, and you stead back to bed. You feel the mattress hot to your touch as you lie down unon it, and you vary the flatless aweltering monotony of the night by bounding around from one part of the bed to another, seeking a cool spot. Presently you conclude that the part of the bed where you have been lying a while is cooler than any other—that you can actually cool if off a little with your bady by lying still. Why not? You reason that your own temperature is 18%, while everything that this scorching air has touched must be up to lite? at least, So, having first obtained a fresh wer cloth for your forehead, you syread yourself out to cover as much of the mattress as possible, and sub-ide into norselving inaction. Yory likely you tail once more fato an uneasy sleep.

With such exercises as these the long night passes at last and you actually welcome the raturn of the burning day. But you go out into it with a sense of having less of leitly strength to meet lits terrors with than you had the day before. You resel that if you could rest at night you might stand the heat perhaps, that as it is can you endure it? People legan to fall around you with insolation. The papers have lists columns long of people struck down by the heat, with display heats that add a new terr rest the situation. Whatever of evil and distress those is in this world, how the newspapers do agginvate it? If you did not know so many reorde were drying of sunstrike in the town, perhaps you would not speculate quite so actively as to whether your turn were coming next. But the thing begins to strike right about you. Nothing more leftly the input see one you love starger and fall before your eves, within down, necessable, in the input see one you love starger and fall before your eves, within down, necessable, in the input see one seeken at hist, your sent to the one half-refreshing thing from it, you seem The content of the second content of the sec Pure Food Assured

For raising bread, biscuit, or other food, one the very best and purest baking powder should he employed. The use of the ordinary cream of tartal and soda, or of a baking powder containing lime, alum, or phosphates, carries deleterious ingredients into the food.

The absolute purity of the Royal Baking Powder makes it pre-eminently the most useful and wholesome leavening agent known. It contains no lime, alum, phosphate, or other adulterant, leaves no alkaline or acid residuum in the food, and its use insures pure, light, and sweet bread, biscuit, and cake, that are perfectly digestible and wholesome, whether hot or cold, fresh or stale. Its leavening power has been determined the highest whenever tested by official authority, and all chemists and writers on food hygiene commend it as the purest and best leavening agent

Prof. H. A. Mott, who has examined the various baking powders for the U. S. Government, says:

"The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public. It is absolutely pure.

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was doing. Some six years previously he had started his concern, the land being bought at from \$2.50 to \$6 an acre; enclosing same with four wires, on cedar and mesquite posts, some sixteen feet apart, at a cost of, say \$150 per mile, still further dividing the body of ten square miles into pastures of from 820 to 1,200 acres, which enabled him to shift his stock about and rest certain pastures for winter use He began with some 150 range mares, from 14 to 16 hands, and well graded by Eastern light draught horses. His stallions were a Norman. a thoroughbred, a roadster, and a jack, as he wanted to thoroughly test what class would produce the best result. Neither old stock or produce the best result. Neither old stock of youngsters were ever sheltered or fed, and aftersome five crops of coits D, had come to the conclusion that mule raising was the best line to follow, as they, at least, whild always find a market at some figure or other, and once get together the right class of marce and nace, and have the same working in harmony together, the business was a pretty one, with fair returns. 'All this talk about making a fortune stock raising is rot,' said D. but with the cheap lands and small expense of running the business here a thrifty man with a little capital behind him should do better at this work than in most other States. However, come along, and I can tell you more while riding round.' So off we started, i mounted on a stocky dun peny lafterward to make a great reputation on the Long island pool felish, and in two hours had learned more than I could hope to write down in a week. D had not yet commenced to breed his marces, preferring to have the foals dropped when grass was plentiful; but the brood marces were in the same pasture as the breeding corrais and stallions, the latter being kept up in boxes. The words operated I found was to drive the marce into the pens and stint them as opportunity offered to one staillon or the other as might be thought best. As we rode among the matrons that morning they looked to me sleek and well; many wore still shedding, and a good few had already dropped their foals, the big, intel sucking hables awkwardly gambol ing, ound to the off side of their dams, as if already knowing their cooling themy. I was pointed out some half Norman filles, in foal to the lack, big, three-conjugate for the share of four parts growin; was niso shown a few halfbreeds, and alse filles by the Rodas er who was a graded Texas norse, The after see, I thought, showed up the best awas too strom, and that though pienty of fed during the winter militar remedy the straining to their dams, as it of the past, while make marchized by a few old marces with confine to the gr youngsters were ever sheltered or fed, and after some five crops of colts D, had come to the conclusion that mule raising was the best line

ings were over four years. D saying the lings were over four years. D saying the left from go at that age the largers ones. 14.8 to 15.2 being sold to visiting buylight draught borses and these understandard going by the cattlemen of the Handle and New Mexico for cow ponles.

delightful darky Sam, who, though "suaviter in rec," was as "fortiter in medo" as his 200 pounds of black flesh could make him, after "chousing" his mount for a while, would pull him to him by the long rope attached to the halter under the bridle, and hauling his head round by the cheek piece and with his right hand grasping the horn, crawl into the saddle. The Wild West Show has shown you what frequently took place, though Buffale Bill's old "spoilt" ponies are more dangerous, and easily outlast a young horse in his efforts to display the precautions, he had never had any serious accidents, but that men were frequently inured, and sometimes even killed. He had seen one man, while giving a five-year-old coit his first saddle in a brushy country, pitched off, and, his foot hanging in the stirrup, get dragged, finally wedged between two trees, and his this actually forn clean from his body. Another time he remembered a boy who, while being drayged in the same way, was probably only saved by the presence of mind of a fellow cowboy, who, galloping up as near as possible, bowled over the terrified runaway with a nistal builet. Although the granger is crowding out the cow-puncher, yet the section visited by me will always be more or less of a stock country, as much of the land is upland and unfitted for cultivation, though in the vallers the soil is of the best for small cereals, and twenty-five bushels of wheat and sixty of onte is not uncommon. Corn and cotton also grow well, provided the rainfall comes opportunely.

Now for a word about the polo ponies, of which D, had some fifty to go to New York. He was in the habit of picking them up during the year, sometimes from the neighbors, sometimes riding himself to settlements a hundred miles distant. D, said that he aged pony of about 8 to 12, whose legs had so far stood the wear and tear of cow work, frequently made the best mounts at polo. Qui-kness at starting, speed, handness, and a mechanical disposition labsolutely no will of its own) were the desired requisites very hard, too, were they to get in combination. He further told me that where a few years back many Al cow ponies could be gathered together, that now, owing to the "trail" being virtually of the past in Texas, and the cow work being done in pastures on a larger type of borses, that at a local "round up" it was hard to find a single rony that would fill the bill for rolo. A pony worth taking East could rarely be bought nowadays for under \$40, and good race tonies and cutting horses went far beyond said price, thorse ranching, as carried on by D. with his love for thorses and outdoor snorts, has certainly its attractive side, though, beyond returning a furiry good living it is not apparently a very remunerative business. To me the experience was most designiful, and I shall always remember my visit to Texas with pleasure. As poor Lindsay Gorden write in his charming poems of Australian bush life:

I was nearly in the glowing morn, among the gleaming of a strain of the county and the wife the white wealth pass.

ENFELOPED IN AN ICY FOG. Ten Degrees Below Zero in an Illinois Town

Panis, Ill., July Ph.-The little town of Randespecially interested as to what extent the suitre to long thus out of from the thoroughbred had marked his progeny, but the world by so who encounable a winter.